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which, according to principles of international law, lie exclusively within the domestic jurisdiction of the respective powers.

Senator Lodge, in presenting the treaty to the Conference, argued that force is not provided, and that no military or naval sanction lurks in the background. In part, he said:

The Conference will perceive that I spoke correctly when I referred to the terms of the treaty as simple. To put it in a few words, the treaty provides that the four signatory powers will agree as between themselves to respect their insular possessions and dominions in the region of the Pacific, and that if any controversy should arise as to such rights all the high contracting parties shall be invited to a joint conference looking to the adjustment of such controversy. They agree to take similar action in the case of aggression by any other power upon these insular possessions or dominions.

The agreement is to remain in force for ten years, and after ratification under the constitutional methods of the high contracting parties, the existing agreement between Great Britain and Japan, which was concluded at London on July 13, 1911, shall terminate. And that is all. Each signer is bound to respect the rights of the other, and before taking action in any controversy to consult with them. There is no provision for the use of force to carry out any of the terms of the agreement, and no military or naval sanction lurks anywhere in the background or under cover of these plain and direct clauses.

The surest way to prevent war is to remove the causes of war. This is an attempt to remove causes of war over a great area of the globe's surface by reliance upon the good faith and honest intentions of the nations which sign the treaty, solving all differences through the processes of diplomacy and joint consideration and conciliation. No doubt we shall hear it said that the region to which this agreement applies is one most unlikely to give birth to serious disputes, and therefore an agreement of this character is of little consequence. History unhappily has shown that there is no corner of the earth so remote or so valueless that it is not capable of giving cause for controversy or even for war between the tribes and the nations of mankind.

If the nations of the earth are still, in the innermost recesses of their consciences, planning or dreaming of coming wars and longing for conquests, no treaties of partition and no alliances can stay them; but if, as I firmly hope, the world has learned a frightful lesson from the awful experiences of the World War of 1914, then our surest appeal in order to prevent wars in the future must be to the hearts, the sympathies, the reason, and the higher impulses of mankind.

Such an appeal we make today by this agreement among four great nations. We rely upon their good faith to carry out the terms of this instrument, knowing that by so doing they will prevent war, should controversies ever arise among them. If this spirit prevails and rules, we can have no better support than the faith of nations. For one, I devoutly believe the spirit of the world is such that we can trust to the good faith and the high purposes which the treaty I have laid before you embodies and enshrines.

Agreements of this kind, I know, have often been made before, only to fail. But there has been a far-reaching change in the mental condition of men and women everywhere. That which really counts is the intention of the nations who make the agreement. In this hour of trial and darkness, which has followed the war with Germany, the spirit of the world is no longer the same. If we enter upon this agreement, which rests only upon the will and honor of those who sign it, we at least make the great experiment and appeal to the men and women of the nations to help us sustain it in spirit and in truth.

Prince Tokugawa, for Japan, said:

The terms of the important pact assuring mutual security

and friendship have just been made known. It is needless for me to say that all Japan will approve the consummation of this work.

Japan will rejoice in this pledge of peace upon the Pacific Ocean.

As to the Anglo-Japanese agreement which is soon to terminate, I desire to associate myself with the words of appreciation so ably expressed by our distinguished colleague, Mr. Balfour, with respect to the glorious service which that agreement has done for the preservation of peace and liberty.

Mr. Balfour, for Great Britain, said in part:

It so happens that I was at the head of the British Administration which twenty years ago brought the first Anglo-Japanese alliance into existence. It so happens that I was at the head of the British Administration which brought into existence the entente between the British Empire and France, and through all my life I have been a constant, ardent, and persistent advocate of intimate and friendly relations between the two great branches of the English-speaking race.

You may well, therefore, conceive how deep is my satisfaction when I see all these four powers putting their signatures to a treaty which I believe will for all time insure perfect harmony of co-operation between them in the great region with which the treaty deals.

Mr. Chairman, you told us at the beginning of this part of our meeting, most truly, that this treaty did not strictly come within the four corners of the Conference program; and that statement was perfectly accurate. But no man or woman who has listened at this discussion, who has heard Senator Lodge read and comment on the treaty, who has heard M. Viviani's eloquent statement of the effect it has produced on his country—nobody can consider the substance and matter of the treaty itself without seeing that, whether or not it be within the strict program of our Conference, nothing is more germane to its spirit and nothing that we could possibly have done would better prepare the way for that diminution of naval armament which I hope will be one of our greatest triumphs.

The representatives of all the other nations in the Conference, whether parties to the pact or not, spoke in warm approval. M. Viviani, for France, was notably eloquent.

WHY DID THEY COME?

By WALTER AMOS MORGAN

A GRAY MORNING, with the mist hanging over the city and the Washington Monument shrouded in fog! The great of the earth are gathered and all that is mortal of one unknown boy is riding in state toward Arlington Cemetery. The black, flag-draped casket is guarded by mates who perhaps called him by name in other days. The cavalry rides proudly ahead; the infantry follows, with military tread; the marines march like conquerors; the sailors bear themselves as sailors should. The long, gray rifles of the artillery look grim in their war paint. President Harding and General Pershing walk as chief mourners; on either side are representatives of European nations; behind come the President's Cabinet, the members of the Supreme Court, the members of the Senate, the members of the House, and a long line of those whose names men speak in reverence. Pennsylvania Avenue is lined with a silent throng of the common people.

Somebody's son marched away with grim courage and high hope. When he waved his cap good-by a nation shouted and the flag was given to the winds. Now he comes back and a nation stands uncovered and the flag is at half-mast. He rides in his flag-draped casket, with

stillness within and stillness without. The sun breaks through the clouds and a tide of silver sweeps along the Avenue. The dim outlines of the Washington Monument can be seen as the silent men march by.

Why did they come, these great of the earth? Why did they come, these of the common walks of life? What thoughts are deepest in the minds of those who march and these who watch? What dreams are capturing the souls of men and women along this thoroughfare? Why did they come to stand in silence, and then to go again? Are they thinking of the pomp and color of war as they catch glimpses of the tall obelisk through the mist, or are they praying for peace? To answer these questions is to see in vision something of our new world, emerging out of the mist and the fog of misunderstanding and distrust.

Some come out of curiosity. The bands always draw a crowd. Uniforms and gold lace tickle the eyes. Not every day can one see the President and all his official family. The black casket is grim with mystery. The services at Arlington are filled with thrills. General Foch pins the Croix de Guerre upon the coffin; President Harding makes a speech. The sky clears and the sun warms cold hands and feet. Who would miss such a scene? It is beautiful, soul-stirring, majestic.

Some come because they want to see. Others come because their hearts are filled with sympathy. There are lonely homes and sad hearts along that line of march. Other soldiers have gone and never returned. This one symbolizes many; thousands can call him brother, husband, father, son. Tears are in many eyes and lumps are in many throats. The long procession winds its way toward the White House, while some talk glibly about this or that. The many keep still, because they sympathize. The heart of America is sad. The gigantic shape of Washington Monument comes more fully out of the fog.

Many come because they must. They are not like the curious. They see the uniforms, but oh, the tragedy of that dead boy! Freely you "Bared your breast to take the blow," but you were not to blame. The tides of youth ran high in you. You wanted to return, not like this, but to your own little boy, perhaps—your sweetheart, your mother. Craving life, yet freely offering it, you were denied the creative years of manhood.

Must it ever be so? Is there nothing else to challenge the heroism of men than the march, the battlefield, and the unknown soldier's grave? How we honor you and love you!

"Did you walk

In noble halls of learning, or follow plow
Through brown, sweet smelling furrows?"

It matters not; you are the best we breed. Must we ever breed our sons to kill and to be killed, and our daughters to shed their bitter tears in a war-lust-ridden world? If your lips could become vocal again, what would you say, Unknown Boy in your black coffin, with the President of your America walking close to your caisson?

The great gray monument is silent, with only the top hidden in the mist. The sun is shining from a clear sky and the ceremonies are over. The warriors of other lands have honored their countries by pinning their

crosses of honor over the silent breast of an American soldier. The President has uttered his words of prophecy, and the echoes of the firing squad have died away. The clear notes of "Taps" are still echoing in thousands of souls. The Unknown rests in his own home country.

The fog has gone and the Washington Monument stands like an eternal sentinel keeping guard over the Capital City. So may the warless age merge out of the fogs of all hates. And will it be so? Part of the answer must be written by the men who are here, at our President's invitation, to speak for their own lands concerning this dream that has vexed the seers and prophets of all the years.

And why do they come? Is it just because America invites them? Do they come out of courtesy only? Is there still the demand for the balance of power and the greed for open markets? Shall we merely reduce our navies, when battleships are becoming valueless against the airplane and gas bomb? These men from across the seas are among the mighty of the earth. Can they learn the lessons of the single-minded and the pure in heart? There is one argument greater than all the others. It reaches beyond the coaling stations in the Pacific and the undeveloped resources in the East. Today it wins conviction through all our land. *It is that dead and unknown soldier.*

Will the Conference sense it, and heed? If not, some day the peoples will speak and a new world will come to us out of the mists. Not forever will humanity stand idly by while little children call, as one cried on the Avenue today, "Oh, mamma, do you suppose it really could be papa?"

"The walls of division are falling;
Beware how you prop them up!
For Demos is in the saddle,
And he carries the world on the crup."

A WRONG SETTLEMENT ENDANGERING THE PEACE OF THE BALKANS

By N. J. CASSAVETES

WE ARE in the midst of the second reaction since the great war against all kinds of war. The conference at Washington seems to have brought about a reawakening of mankind to the perils of imperialism and old diplomacy. Yet, in the full light of a new day, which we earnestly hope will not darken into an evening of reactionary purposes, as at Paris, many shady things are happening at the side-show of the Conference of Ambassadors in the French capital.

On November 5 of this year the ambassadors of the European powers and Japan defined the Albanian frontiers and included into Albania the Greek Province of Northern Epirus. There is hardly another illustration as characteristic of the ruthless methods of European diplomacy as the question of Northern Epirus. This province, situated to the north of Greece and to the south of Albania, on the Adriatic, forms, with the Greek Island of Corfu, the Straits of Corfu, an excellent naval base that may challenge Italian efforts to monopolize the Adriatic Sea. The population of the province is 200,000, of whom 120,000 demand union with Greece and